

THE BEACON



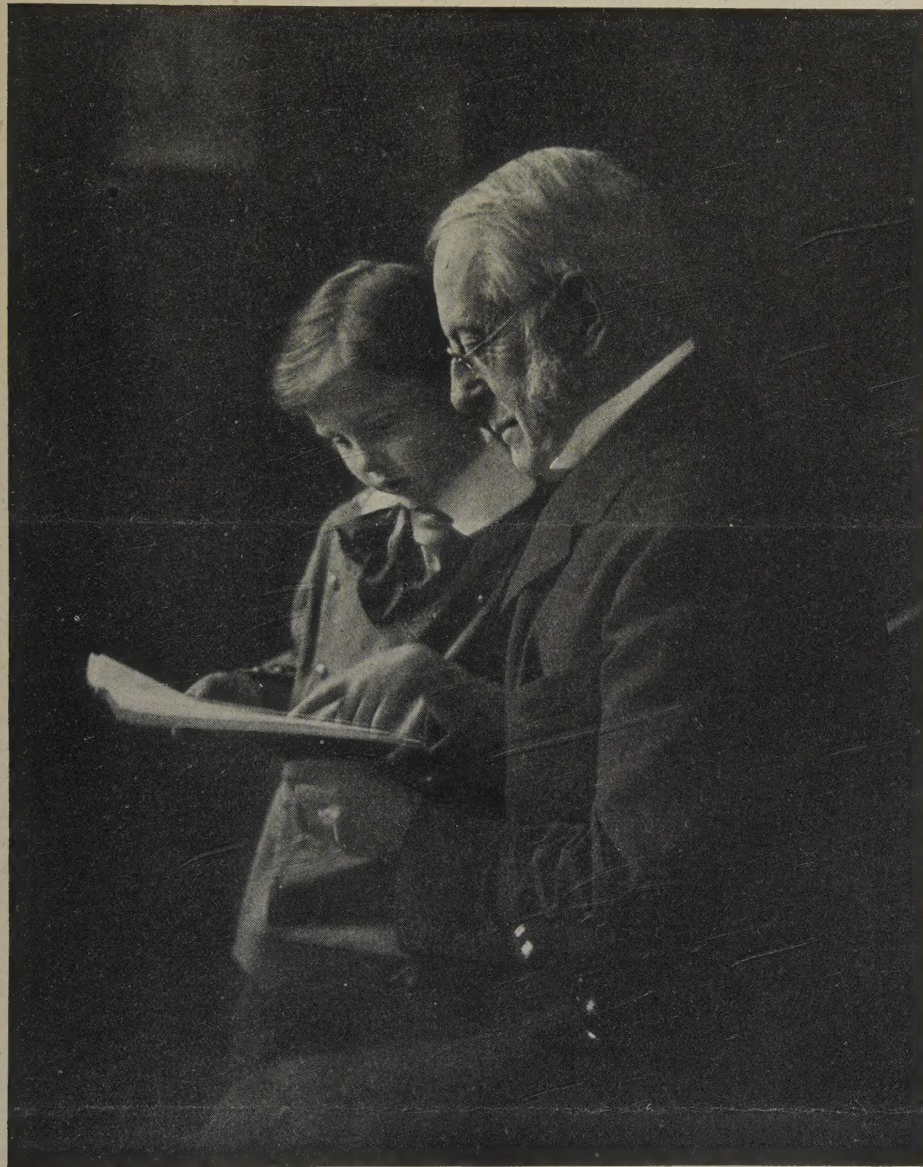
A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1912

NUMBER 18



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT
AND THE GRANDSON WHO BEARS HIS NAME.

Photograph by Charles A. Hoyle, Boston.

The American people know President Eliot as an educational leader and reformer, as an influential and distinguished citizen and a public speaker on many important occasions, but they do not sufficiently know him on his domestic side, as a tender-hearted gentleman and as a friend and

playfellow of his grandchildren. The picture we print above indicates this side of his nature.

Dr. Eliot is a loyal and outspoken Unitarian, the President of our National Conference and the President of the Unitarian Club of Boston.

To C. W. E.

Severest critic, best of listeners,
Questioning all things with perennial youth,
Quick to detect when faulty logic errs,
Yet quicker to discern each note of truth;
Men call you unimpassioned, cold, and stern,
The last survivor of the Puritan:
They little know the sympathies that burn
For every worthy cause or troubled man.
Straight to its mark your candid counsel flies,
Its shaft of judgment tipped with kind desire;
And those it pierces still unwounded rise,
Chastened, but strong, and purified by fire.

Along the coast where we have lived together
There comes at evening time, in summer weather,
A hush of Nature, when the sighing firs
Cease their complaining, and no land breeze stirs

The drowsy ocean; while the burnished bay
Mirrors the splendor of the dying day.
So, after many and tempestuous years,
And many an angry gale of doubts and fears,
The hostile breezes slacken and then cease;
The harbor lights are lit, of love and peace;
And life's calm evening settles over you
As sunset gathers over Asticou.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

For The Beacon.

Adrift on an Ice-floe.

BY JESSE RAMSDELL.

Chapter II.

A hundred yards away a round, whiskered head was seen above the ice. Evidently the seal lay in a hollow of the floe.

"Only his head," whispered Frank, his voice a bit discouraged, for it would surely be a most difficult shot. And he had not used the new rifle a great many times.

"O—o—only his head," stuttered Harry in his great excitement, misunderstanding the meaning that lay back of the words. "But his eyes and ears and nose are in that old whiskery head, and, if you don't shoot—Polly Andrews of Labrador! Frank, shoot! shoot!"

Frank raised his rifle, and rested it upon the ice hummock. He let it lie there until his hand had steadied. The rifle was fitted with a peepsight, and, when the seal's round head was directly in line with the sight, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A cloud of white smoke floated away, and Harry gave a wild yell.

"Got him! Got him! He's rolling. He's" —

Around the hummock went the two boys, forgetting in their intense excitement to take gun or gaff. The seal—it was a small one—had flounced from its hole in the ice. Its head lay upon the surface of the floe now. It struggled and rolled over. They could see its white belly. Then it lay still.

They joined hands and danced around it. "There's a seal-skin vest for you," cried Harry. "Now, ain't you glad we came? What if I hadn't made you? Won't your Dad be tickled? And your uncle?"

"Ay, lad, ay!"

Frank gazed with fascinated eyes at the seal, his *first* seal.

And then a puff of wind swept a few flakes of snow into his face. He started and looked about him. The hunt was ended, his game lay at his feet; and now he looked about him.

The wind had increased surprisingly within the last five minutes. The flakes of snow were big, and the wind, as it rose, drove them in little eddies before it. A storm was near upon them, and they were far from the friendly shore. Quick action was imperative.

"Shall we take the seal?" he asked Harry.

"After getting it, leave it?" was Harry's counter-question of surprise.

"Our lives are worth more than a seal-skin. Every minute's going to count now. It'll take at least ten minutes to drag that seal to the boat." He broke off, hesitated, then: "No, can't do it. Come on, b'y!"

"Don't leave it, Frank," pleaded the other. "We can take it to the boat in five minutes. I know we can."

"But a storm's coming," protested Frank, his eyes fixed longingly, however, upon the quiet seal. It did seem such a pity to leave it there after he had got it. His first seal!

"Five minutes," persisted Harry. He was unselfish about it, for the glory belonged to Frank, and Frank was his hero.

He bent and grasped the seal.

Frank gave in. He, too, bent and clutched the seal. Moving as fast as the rough ice allowed, they made for the boat.

"It's getting dark," muttered Frank, shaking his head.

"Where's your gun?" said Harry, as they placed the animal in the punt.

"Gun!" They stared at one another. "Oh, I dropped it when I shot the seal. And the gaff, too."

Turning, he sped across the ice to the hummock. Hastily grasping the gun and gaff, he ran for the punt. And, as he reached the little boat, Harry rose from his seat, and pointed a shaking finger across the vast expanse of ice.

"Look!" he cried in a voice shrill with terror.

The thing that Frank had feared had come upon them! For the wind, now a thing of furious life, was slowly packing the great "pans" into one great tract of rough ice, and the lanes of water between the huge pieces of ice were disappearing. A horrible crunching noise came to their ears.

Now it was impossible to leave the ice-floe. Should they attempt to seek the open waters inshore by way of the passage, their punt would be caught between two "pans" and crushed.

The snow was a blinding blanket by this time. The wind had so increased in fury that it was like a hurricane.

"The punt!" cried Harry. And, catching

the bow of the small boat, they endeavored to haul it from the water. Slowly it came, too slowly! For a sharp, sudden crack sounded, and the crunching noise increased in volume.

(To be continued.)

Growing Better.

The world is growing better, no matter what they say,
And the light is growing stronger with a radiant, new-born day;
And the world is growing kinder, each day more plain I see
The great eternal purpose working out what is to be;
And I know that sin and sorrow from our earth will disappear,
And I know that joy and gladness will take the place of doubt and fear;
And I know that e'en Death lingers, when a conscious soul cries, "Stay!
Even you, O Death, I fear not; I am Master, go your way."
And I know, as we grow wiser, we shall learn the law of life
That love brings all things to us. Nothing good can come through strife.
We are slowly, surely, learning what the Master came to tell,
That the Kingdom is within us, in the heart where Love doth dwell.
Yes, the world is growing better, kinder, wiser, day by day;
And the weary, heavy laden, find more helpers on the way.
Courage, then, O earnest workers, sow thy seed with lavish hand!
Wait the harvest! Hear the anthem! Peace on earth, good will to man.

The Character Builder.

For The Beacon.

A Little Grand Duke.

BY MARGARET ERSKINE.

"I won't learn it, I won't, so there!" and the little Grand Duke Peter thumped his book down on the table.

"Well, your Highness need not be so emphatic," remarked the tutor, Mr. Barnes, barely raising his head from the exercise he was correcting. "If you do not wish to learn it, you need not."

"Wh-a-t?" stammered Peter.

"No." Mr. Barnes raised his eyes and regarded his pupil gravely. "If your Highness doesn't see any reason why you should learn your lessons, I am sure that I do not," and Mr. Barnes resumed his correcting.

"Well, I don't," asserted Peter, feebly, somewhat disconcerted by his new tutor's treatment of his usual declaration of war, "and I won't, and I am going out into the garden to play, so there."

"Then you are a little"—began his cousin, but a warning glance from Mr. Barnes checked him.

Peter stalked to the door, where he turned and regarded his tutor for a moment, but Mr. Barnes went calmly on with his work. "There is no reason why I should learn anything," he declared stoutly. "It's all right for John, he is only going to be an earl some day; but I am a grand duke, and I have hundreds and hundreds of serfs and things, so, if I don't want to learn anything, I needn't; it isn't necessary for me to learn things!"

"Not at all necessary, if your Highness doesn't wish to," agreed his tutor.

Peter walked out of the room, down the stairs, and out into the garden, where he wandered aimlessly about, switching at the trees and shrubs with his riding-whip, which he had picked up on his way out: it was all very well playing truant when your tutor raised all sorts of objections, but it was no fun when your tutor plainly gave you to understand that it was a matter of complete indifference to him whether you learned your lessons or not.

"I wish," muttered Peter switching angrily at a tree, "that I was back in Russia: this England is a horrid country, every one seems to work here. In Russia even the serfs don't work unless they are beaten. I will go to the stables and talk to Dixon."

But, when Peter reached the stables, he found that Dixon was too busy overseeing his men to have any time to talk to him, even if he was a grand duke, and so privileged that he didn't have to learn lessons like common men, so he walked discontentedly away. "I guess I'll go into the woods," he said to himself, "there may be something to do there, something to hunt anyway. I don't know why uncle sent me to this horrid country, even if it is where mother was born."

Peter was far from knowing that his uncle had sent him to learn the very lesson he was about to learn.

Into the woods wandered Peter. He hadn't gone very far when he nearly fell over a young man who was lying stretched out at full length under one of the trees, reading a book.

"Hullo!" replied the young man, looking up. "What are you doing," he added, "wandering round at this hour of the day? You should be in the school-room learning your lessons."

Peter frowned. "I don't have to learn lessons," he replied, "I am a grand duke."

"Is that any reason why you shouldn't learn lessons?"

"Of course," answered Peter, "grand dukes can do as they please always. John has to learn lessons because he is only going to be an earl some day; but I needn't, unless I like."

The young man put down his book and regarded Peter gravely for a few minutes. "Happy youth," he said. "I almost wish I was a grand duke; but, unfortunately, I am only a prince, so I have to learn lessons."

"A what?" gasped Peter, "do you mean that you will be a king some day?"

The young man nodded.

"And you have to learn lessons?"

"Yes."

"W-h-e-w!" Peter threw himself down on the grass beside the Prince. "Why do you have to learn things, then?"

"Why? So that I will know how to govern my people, of course. Do you think subjects would think much of a king that knew less than they did? How do you think I could teach them, unless I have first learned myself? I couldn't expect them to obey me unless I, myself, have learned obedience, could I?"

"Certainly," answered Peter. "If my serfs didn't obey me, I'd have them thrashed. I had a man thrashed for nearly an hour, before I came here, because he wouldn't do as I told him. I guess Ivan Vitchvolsky won't disobey me again," ended Peter, proudly.

"It is nothing to be proud of," said the Prince gravely: "you should be ashamed of yourself instead. I think," he ended coldly,

"that you are, without doubt, the most contemptible little cur that I have ever met," and the Prince resumed his reading.

Peter gasped; he sat and looked at the Prince as if he thought he had taken leave of his senses. "Do you mean it?" he asked at last.

"Yes," the Prince laid down his book and looked at Peter. "Now," he said, "I am going to tell you something about yourself that no one has ever told you before. You have been brought up by foolish people to think that the world hinges around you, that you are one of the greatest, most important persons in the world, instead of which you are a very, very small frog in an enormous puddle. You became a grand duke, not because you were more fitted to be one than other people were, but just through an accident of birth, and, instead of being uplifted by it, and considering yourself so much better than any one else, you should remember that you are after all only a servant"—

"A what?" expostulated Peter, angrily, "I am"—

"A servant," answered the Prince firmly, "you are a servant, I am a servant, only we have to serve our people by governing them wisely and well. What respect do you think your people, my people, would have for us if, when we come to govern them, they find that we are ignorant, that we know less than they do? You think to-day that you don't care, that is because you are a silly, ignorant little boy, and, if you go on as you bid fair to do, you will grow up to be a silly, ignorant man. Do you think your tutor thinks any more of you because you refuse to learn? Do you think he"—

"Mr. Barnes said I needn't learn unless I wanted to," broke in Peter.

"Mr. Barnes," remarked the Prince, reflectively, "I think I know Mr. Barnes. Did he say, you needn't learn unless you liked?"

"Well, he said that if I didn't see the necessity of learning, I needn't, and it's the same thing."

"I don't think it is at all the same thing, every one *needs* to learn if they are wise; but, if they lack wisdom, they don't see the necessity of learning, and so they needn't learn, for their brains are such that they can't absorb knowledge. Didn't your mother or your father ever go to school?"

"Yes," answered Peter, "but"—

"But you are so much better than they are, I suppose," drily. "Well, I must ask you to excuse me, as I cannot afford to idle any more of my time talking to you. Good morning," and the Prince resumed his book.

Peter hesitated a moment, but the Prince went on reading just as if a Grand Duke of Russia didn't exist.

Peter went and sat down under a tree a little way from the one under which the Prince was lying. He thumped with his heels on the ground and whistled in a don't-careish manner, but the Prince went on reading.

Peter stopped whistling and began to think, and, the more he thought, the less he liked his thoughts, for, for the first time in his life, he began to see things through other eyes than his own. Finally he rose to his feet and strolled to the Prince. "Excuse me," he said diffidently.

The Prince raised his head and laid down his book, but he didn't speak.

Peter kicked the grass with the toe of his boots. "Do you—do you, think I am a— a snob?" he asked at last.



A YOUNG CHAUFFEUR.

"Yes," answered the Prince, gravely.

"Oh, I say," began Peter, then he broke off. "Well, if you say so, I guess I am, and I'm sorry, and I guess I'll go and tell Mr. Barnes so." He made a wry face at the thought. "And, I say, I'll try and remember and learn things, because, if you're going to be a king and have to learn things, why"—

"Wait," the Prince rose to his feet, and stood looking down on Peter: "remember this, and this is the first thing you will have to learn, that it doesn't matter a bit whether we are peer or peasant. A peer can be a greater cad than a peasant can be if he considers no one but himself and his own greatness. Just try and bear this idea in your mind, always and everything else will come easy,—that to be a great man one has to have great thoughts and live up to them, and, that the greater we are and are going to be, the more we have to remember, the greater obedience we owe to every one. None of us are so high in this world that there is not some one higher; and now, good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered Peter, "and will you please shake hands with me, and then I'll go and tell Mr. Barnes. I suppose," he asked ruefully, "he is the one higher than I am just now?"

"Yes," answered the Prince, as he shook Peter heartily by the hand, "and I hope the next time we meet you will have grown to be a good and brave man, like your father and your uncle, little Duke Peter."

"Why," cried Peter, in astonishment, "how do you know my name?"

"Well," smiled the Prince, "you see, I know your uncle, and he taught me a few years ago the very lesson that I have been trying to teach you. Like you, I, too, thought that because I was a prince I didn't have to learn; but, thanks to your uncle and to Mr. Barnes, I learned better."

Snow.

You can dig it, you can mould it, you can pat it into balls,
You can pile it for a fortress with a cannon on the walls;
You can work it into puddings, you can play that it's a pill,
You can use it in the freezer, or for sliding down a hill;
You can build it into goblins or a fairy's slender shape,
And it makes a lovely ermine for a dolly's winter cape;
It's a cushion and a mattress when you tumble down ke'flop;
When you're just a little bigger you can snow-shoe on its top.
It's a friend that never quarrels and a game without a rule;
When it's very, very heavy, it can keep you home from school.
Though we like the toys that sing and walk and bark and climb and go,
There was never such a plaything as a winterful of snow!

MARIAN WEST, in *Scattered Seeds*.

Three Kinds of Courage.

There's the courage that nerves you in starting to climb
The mount of success rising sheer;
And, when you've slipped back, there's the courage sublime
That keeps you from shedding a tear.

These two kinds of courage, I give you my word,
Are worthy of tribute—but, then,
You'll not reach the summit unless you've the third,—

The courage of try-it-again!

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

For The Beacon.

The Little Yellow Dog.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

"You shall not hurt him!" cried Jack.

Jack Glover was passing down a street of the town where he lived when he heard the shouts of a party of boys and the yelping of the dog they were chasing with sticks and stones in the cruel way that some boys sometimes have.

As Jack stopped, the dog seemed to know him for a friend, and ran to him, as if for protection. The boys followed, determined to continue their heartless sport.

"You shall not hurt him!" repeated Jack, boldly facing the boys, while the little dog crouched at his feet. The boys were fully as old as Jack, and it required courage to face them and oppose what they called their fun.

"It is only a yellow cur," cried one of the group, reaching out a stick to drive it from its place of refuge.

"It's a dog," said Jack, "and I am not going to let any dog be abused if I can help it."

For a time it seemed as if Jack were going to get the worst of it, but courage always counts, and only cowards would hurt a helpless dog; and soon Jack was on his way home, with the yellow dog tracking behind him, and the boys off in another direction, looking for some other kind of mischief.

When he got home, and had told his mother about it all, and had given the dog a bone to gnaw, it was decided that it could not be allowed to stay. Ruvvy, the cat, did not love dogs very much, and had to be consulted in the matter.

So, when the yellow dog had been fed, Jack led him outside, and let him understand, as clearly as it is possible for a boy to talk to a dog, that he was to run home at once. The dog seemed to understand, for he soon disappeared around the next corner.

The next morning, however, when the front door was opened, what should be seen but the yellow dog, lying upon the step, waiting for Jack to come out.

In spite of all that could be done, except cruelty, the dog continued to hang about the place, going wherever Jack went, and coming back just as often as he was sent away.

This continued until one day in late summer Jack started off for the swimming pool in the river near by. He had expected to meet several other fellows there, and have a good time with them.

For some reason none of them came. After waiting a little while, Jack decided that the water looked too good for him to stay out. So he undressed, and soon was splashing in the stream.

Just why or how it all happened he never knew, but he suddenly felt himself growing numb and unable to swim. Knowing his danger, he shouted for help, at the same time making every effort to reach the shore.

A minute or so later a man, passing down the road near by, heard a dog's frantic barking, and saw a little yellow dog racing madly up and down the bank of the river a hundred feet away.

Jumping over the fence, he ran to the bank, and was just in time to see a boy's head disappear in the water. Throwing off his coat, he jumped in, and with a few strong strokes and a dive he got hold of the boy, and dragged him to the shore.

After working over him for a short time, he was glad to see the color coming back to the cheeks of the boy, and a little later to hear him speak. Soon he and Jack and the little yellow dog were on their way to Jack's home, to tell the family of the way the dog had paid his debt to Jack.

Jack never forgot, and we should not, that every kindness is bound to be rewarded, and that whoever does a friendly deed, even for a yellow dog, will surely be repaid in full.

Animals are such friends: they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Sunday Reading.

A minister who was supplying a pulpit not his own was entertained in the home of one of the prominent members of the church. The conditions of the home life impressed him deeply, and, although he was careful not to disclose anything that could identify the family, he referred to the Sunday spent in their home as among the dreariest and least profitable in his whole experience.

The family, straggling down to breakfast Sunday morning, brought with them the gossip acquired at various places on Saturday night. Two of them had been to the theatre, one had been to a party, most of them had been out late. More than one of the household began the day with a headache.

On the breakfast-table there were three Sunday newspapers. On these the different members of the family pounced, and were soon hidden behind them.

Only the father and the mother went to church. The young people were "too tired," and did not care to dress.

After the morning service the minister found the newspapers well shaken out and scattered. There was hardly a chair that did not contain one or more parts of one or another of them.

After the Sunday dinner the papers were seized again, and creased and recreated in the weary quest for new sensations.

The home had a good library, but no member of the family opened a book that day. The library had the poems of Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes, as well as those of Shakespeare and Tennyson, but no member of the family read one of them, much less any distinctively religious book.

The hymn-book on the piano lay under a trashy song that came with one of the newspapers. The family Bible on the centre-table was buried deep beneath the so-called "comic supplements."

The whole atmosphere of the home all day was commonplace, worldly, and depressing. There was nothing that lifted the thoughts of the members of the family above the wearisome round of the world and the things of the world. Business, politics, scandals, and bargains were the themes of conversation. The three secular newspapers, each with its sixty-four pages, covered not only the seats, tables, and carpets, they covered the spiritual life of the family as well.

Without questioning the morality of such a Sunday, what may we not say of the pity of it? Is the soul of man so mean, so sordid, that not one hour or one day in the week can be saved for an acquaintance with the better things of literature and of life, and for the higher ministrations of the spirit?

The Youth's Companion.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXII.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 11, 9, 8, 7, 5, is an incline.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, is an excavation.

My 11, 9, 10, 7, is a mistake.

My 6, 7, 7, 9, 5, is a fruit.

My 10, 3, 4, is a hotel.

My whole is a city of the Middle West.

EUGENE OLMSTEAD.

SHAKESPERIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 39, 15, 33, 6, 19, 8, 42, 26, is Romeo's family name.

My 28, 22, 11, 29, 44, 38, is a country girl in "As You Like It."

My 18, 16, 3, 12, is a constable in "Love's Labor's Lost."

My 39, 13, 41, 24, 27, 32, 37, 31, is one of Macbeth's nobles.

My 1, 14, 7, 45, is one of Cleopatra's attendants.

My 25, 5, 20, 44, 10, 23, tried to save Prince Arthur's life.

My 4, 21, 36, 43, 9, 19, is a famous heroine.

My 20, 13, 2, 39, 35, 17, 30, is where she lived.

My 26, 12, 34, 40, 33, describes Shakespeare's fairies.

My whole is a saying of Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

E. S. P.

DRESS PUZZLE.

1. Add a letter to something worn on the head, and get the opposite of love.

2. Add two letters to something worn on a lady's neck, and get bent over.

3. Add one letter to something worn on the neck, and get a tree.

4. Add three letters to something worn on a man's body, and get a robe.

5. Add two letters to something worn on the body, and get a piece of kitchen furniture.

6. Add a letter to something worn on the head, and get something worn on the shoulders.

Exchange.

A PECULIAR SQUARE WORD.

Dry, parched.

A manner of locomotion.

A thought, a plan.

A term of endearment.

E. S. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXVIII.—Elizabeth Cary Agassiz.

ENIGMA XXIX.—Charles W. Casson.

MAGAZINES.—1. Century. 2. St. Nicholas. 3. Harper's. 4. Forum. 5. Puritan. 6. Truth. 7. Delineator. 8. Puck. 9. Atlantic. 10. Judge. 11. Outlook. 12. Life. 13. Cosmopolitan. 14. The Youth's Companion.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.—It never rains but it pours.

"Make one person happy each day, and in forty years you have made 14,600 human beings happy for a little time at least."

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

Subscription price, twenty-five cents a year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, September 23, 1910, at the post-office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT.
25 Beacon Street, Boston.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON